

Sick

by BabyBumblebee17

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Summary: Summary: RvB Post-Project Freelancer. Agent Maine comes down with a nasty cold after a long mission and there's nobody around to help him, or that's what he thought. NOT SLASH! Slight Maine/Wash but it's more fluffy than anything else. Multi-chapter R&R

1. Chapter 1

****Sick****

****.: Chapter 01 :.****

****Summary:** RvB Post-Project Freelancer. Agent Maine comes down with a nasty cold after a long mission and there's nobody around to help him, or that's what he thought. NOT SLASH! Slight Maine/Wash but it's more fluffy than anything else. Multi-chapter short story!**

****A/N:** I love Maine and I love Maine/Wash pairings. This is what happens when I get bored and have way too much free time. Anyway I don't have much to say other than I hope they don't seem to OOC! Yeah my second RvB Fic this will probably go better than the other. Thanks and R&R!**

****Disclaimer:** I own nothing! All characters belong to Rooster Teeth.**

****.: Start :.****

Agent Maine sighed as he walked down the hallway, heading towards his quarters. The mission he had been sent on had ended up as a complete waste of time, a complete waste of his time to be more precise. He'd been stuck on that freezing snow covered dirt ball of a planet for an entire month, on some half-baked recon mission searching for important Intel that hadn't even been at the target base.

Of course to make matters worse he'd been feeling a bit under the weather for the past week. Maine blamed the countless hours of

sitting in the freezing snow, watching a base that turned out to be empty of any and all life and at one pointâ€ falling into the frozen ocean thanks to a shitty pilot who can't fly and ended up hitting him off a cliff and the slippery ice.

So it was now that he found himself back at base, feeling like utter shit and in a rather awful and downright pissy mood. Thankfully the Director had seen fit to give him the rest of the day and tomorrow off from missions and training, it wasn't much of a break but right now Maine would take all the time off he could get.

Entering his slightly messy quarters Agent Maine let out a heavy sigh as the door clicked shut behind him, taking off his helmet to rub his forehead the large Freelancer then began the slow and unsteady process of taking off his bulky armor. Sleep. That was the only thing on his mind right now as he continued to wrestle with his armor, the stubborn latches refusing to let go.

All he wanted to do was get this bulky armor off and go to sleep for a few good hours. Was that really too much to ask? Growling in agitation the large Freelancer stumbled around his room as he attempted to pull his stubborn armor off. Finally removing one of his boots and chucking it across the room Maine started on the other, having it half-way off before he heard the faint sound of someone knocking on his bedroom door.

"_What?_" he growled out, still agitated and in no mood for visitors.

The word had barely left his mouth before the door swung open, revealing a grey and yellow clad soldier who strode confidently into his room, helmet off and dangling loosely under an arm while a cheery smile adorned his face.

"Hey buddy, your finally back from that mission I see." Agent Washington greeted cheerfully as he moved to lean against the wall next to the door, Maine said nothing, rolling his eyes at the stupid statement. _No shit moron._

Maine stood in the middle of his room, half crouched as he pulled his second boot off while glaring daggers at the younger Freelancer and wishing (not for the first time) that looks could killâ€ or seriously injure and maim. But no, looks couldn't kill and Wash was still there.

Growling something unintelligible under his breath Maine pulled his boot off, wondering if it would be worth it to throw the object at Wash's head before deciding against it and opting to drop it next to his other boot, doing his best to ignore Wash as he set about removing the rest of his armor, dropping each discarded piece onto the floor carelessly while Wash observed him.

There was a few minutes of blissful silence before Wash spoke up and Maine could have screamed in frustration as his head pounded, the headache he'd been ignoring for the past two hours coming back in full force.

"Hey, are you okay man?" Wash asked hesitantly, pushing away from the wall as Maine stumbled slightly.

Maine growled unintelligibly as he sat down atop his unmade bed. His head was aching, he was getting hot and cold flushes, he'd spent an entire month freezing his arse off, been pushed off a cliff and into the freezing ocean, his vision was blurry and his nose was starting to run. Yeah man, yeah. He was fan-_fucking_-tastic.

"Maine?"

No answer.

"Seriously buddy, are you okay? Coz now that I think about it you look a little pale, and I'm not a medic or anything but isn't that usually a bad sign or something? Your eyes look kinda red too..."

Maine growled a warning; why couldn't he just _**shut up?**_

But apparently Wash didn't get the picture. The idiot was still babbling on, asking if he was "Okay" and if he needed anything, hell, he even asked if he should call a medic. Maine _hated_ _medics_ and Wash knew it, everyone knew it, but the moron still felt like he had to ask. It pissed the larger Freelancer off, and in his current state of mind that was a very _very_ bad thing to do.

Standing up Maine glared down at his long time friend with the most dangerous scowl he could muster in his current state, and apparently it was rather intimidating because it shut Wash right up. Maine felt a small twinge of satisfaction as the younger man stood before him, mouth hanging slightly ajar and eyes wide as his words drifted into nothing.

With the room silent and all attention on his now Maine sent one last glare at the young man before growling a low; "Get out." To the stunned man before him.

"...Huh?" Wash blinked up at him stupidly.

Maine felt his eye twitch and before he knew it he was towering over to smaller man, _**"Get. Out. Now."**_ He said, pronouncing each word slowly and with a very lightly veiled threat that brooked no argument that he would remove the smaller man himself if he the other didn't move fast enough.

Wash blinked, went to say something and stopped abruptly as he was grabbed roughly by the neck and dragged towards the door by a growling Maine, his helmet dropping to the floor as he tried to free himself.

"Ack! Maine, lemme go damnit!" Agent Washington choked out as he was roughly pulled into the air by a severely pissed off Maine. The larger man glared, his bloodshot eyes sending a shiver up the smaller Freelancers spine as he struggled for air, hands pulling desperately at Maine's wrist in an attempt to loosen the grasp.

Pausing at the door Maine kicked it open and threw a still struggling Wash out into the hallway, not even bothering to spare his friend a glance as he hit the wall and crumpled to the ground in a heap.

"...Ow..." was all Wash could manage as he lay on the floor

groaning.

The door in front of him slammed shut and Agent Washington slowly pulled himself into a sitting position, his back leaning against the wall as he rubbed his aching head. He sat there for a few seconds before gingerly picking himself up off the floor, glad nobody was around to see him being manhandled by a raging Maine€" that certainly wouldn't help his reputation one bit.

Shaking his head gently Wash turned to leave, making it a few feet away before he remembered something; his helmet was back in Maine's room. _Fuck._ Turning around the grey clad soldier stood hesitantly in front of Maine's door once again, debating whether or not he should risk asking for his helmet or not. The need for his helmet outweighed his need to live another day and Wash gently knocked on the larger Freelancer's door.

"Ugh Maine, I need my helmet back."

There was a pause and Wash raised his hand to knock again but the door burst open and in a flurry of movement Wash found himself once again on the floor as Maine threw his helmet at him. The force of the blow was enough to send the smaller Freelancer flying back in a spectacular back-flip that left him once again groaning on the floor, the only difference this time was that not only had he been hit in the head with his own helmet, he'd also smacked his forehead against the floor.

Today was turning out to be a _great_ day for him.

Groaning pitifully Wash heard the door once more slam shut and shakily raised his head up as he glared at the door, flipping the owner behind it off (even if Maine wouldn't actually see it), before letting his head fall back to the floor with a moan of pain.

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So... what did you think of the first chapter? It changed from what I had planned but that's kinda normal for me so meh, whatever. Second chapter will be up as soon as I finish it so that should be pretty soon. I'm not making too many chapters and they won't be that long either, this is meant to be a short-story so I don't want to drag it out€" which will be a challenge for me since I've never done a short-story or a one-shot and I have a tendency to go off rambling and adding things.

Sigh... anyway I hope you enjoyed the first chapter and if you have any problems on their personalities please let me know and I'll work to improve them. Constructive criticism is always welcome and flames will be used to stoke the fires of my creativity.

**So until next time have a nice day
:)**

R&R!

Babybee17

2. Chapter 2

.: Chapter 02 :.

A/N: Next chapter here! Okay I lied... this isn't edited... anyway I don't have much to say so let's just skip the A/N and get right down to business, that's what you hear for anyway right? Right, then let's do this shit.

Disclaimer: I own nothing! Characters belong to Rooster Teeth.

Thank you to those who reviewed and fav/alerted this story I'm glad you like it and your reviews make me smile :)

R&R!

.: Start :.

Agent Washington rubbed the side of his head as he made his way into the mess hall. He hadn't seen or heard from Maine in a few hours and was starting to get a little worried, the big guy was a good friend of his after all and he had a right to be worried about him" even if the asshole had nearly choked him and thrown him into a wall. Twice.

Shaking his head the grey clad soldier took a seat at an empty table, resting his head atop his arms as he closed his eyes. _I wonder what's wrong with him..._

"Hey man."

Glancing up Wash saw York standing across from him and nodded a greeting, "York, hey what's up."

"You okay? You look a bit dazed." The tan coloured soldier asked lightly, taking a seat opposite his younger companion and leaning back with his feet propped up on the table.

Shrugging slightly Wash sat up, "I'm fine. Did you need something?"

"Actually, I was sent here by our fearless leader to"

"You mean the Director?" Wash asked curiously, cutting his friend off and receiving a small look of disapproval that was lost behind his helmet.

"No. if you'd let me finish I would have told you it was Carolina who sent me, she and the others are going out for the night tonight and I came to ask if you're coming with us. God knows we could use a night off."

Wash paused. A night out on the town sounded pretty good. Scratch that, a night out sounded _extremely_ good right now but there was something bugging him and he was still a little worried about the way Maine had been acting. But a night off really did sound tempting, and they always worked so hard... one night off wouldn't hurt, would

it?

"Who else is going?" Wash asked, resting an elbow on the table.

York thought about it for a few seconds, "Pretty much everyone on the board and a few of the others, you were the only one I haven't asked yet."

"You already asked Maine? When did you go see him?" Wash wondered aloud and tilted his head as York's body stiffened slightly.

There was a pause.

"Yeah... I don't think Maine is going," York laughed lightly while rubbing the back of his neck sheepishly.

Wash smirked, "Did he kick you out too?"

"Yeah, threw me into a wall with a threat of severe dismemberment if I or anyone else dared to disturb him again. He looked a little off; kinda pale, his eyes were red and bloodshot too." He said then thought about it and added, "He kick you out? When did that happen?"

Wash made a face that clearly said; "I don't want to talk about it." but a tilt of the head from York made him sigh and retell his little adventure, glaring at the older Freelancer when he chuckled in amusement at Wash's misfortune.

"Well, at least I got it easier than you did Wash. He only threw me out once; you got nailed twice in a row."

"Shut up man, how the hell was I supposed to know he was one step away from blowing a fuse." Wash huffed, poking his helmet and noticing a small dent in the side. _Great._

Shaking his head York stood up and stretched, "Anyway, Maine's violent tendencies aside are you coming with us tonight?"

Wash sighed, he wanted to. He really, truly and honestly did, but if he went out and had a good time while _knowing_ Maine was still at base and something was wrong with the large Freelancer he'd feel guilty the entire night. Feeling guilty was _not_ how he wanted to spend his night.

Glancing up at York who was still staring at him (_creepy_) , with a sort of knowing aura about him that confused Wash. "I think I'll pass tonight." Was all he said and he swore he heard York chuckle.

"Okay then, I'll let the other's know." The tanned coloured soldier then snickered, "I'm sure South will be very disappointed."

Wash rolled his eyes, "She'll live another day."

Shaking his head in amusement York gave a lazy wave before turning and heading out of the mess hall, leaving Wash to his own thoughts. He sat there for a good half an hour, trying to think of why Maine was in such a bad mood. Sure he'd been sent on a month long mission to some uninhabited planet covered in snow, and sure the mission had been a complete waste of time (or so he'd heard), but that didn't

really explain why Maine was acting so... so weird.

Fuck it.

Standing up and pulling on his helmet Wash turned and headed out of the now empty mess hall, making a bee-line straight to Maine's room. He'd find out what was wrong with the big Freelancer, or end up in the med-bayâ€ Whichever came first.

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So that was chapter two. I'm not very pleased with it but I wanted to focus a little on Wash and there ain't much Maine can do while asleep. Not much to say about this chapter other than I hope you liked it. Back to Maine in the next chapter and Wash get's to play doctor ^_^ how cute.

Aha! I'm learning to cut down the word countâ€ I feel so proud.

Till next time guys!

Babybee17

3. Chapter 3

.: Chapter 03 :.

A/N: So chapter three... there will be maybe two more chapters before I finish. Nothing to report other than I hope you enjoy this chapter, remember constructive criticism is always welcome. I hope my grammar and spelling is alright. Thank you!

Thank you to everyone who reviewed, you made my day :)

Disclaimer: I own nothing! All characters belong to Rooster Teeth.

R&R!

.: Start :.

Maine woke with a low, pitiful sounding moan. His body was drenched in a cold sweat, his blood pounding against his skull like a drum as he curled up into a tight ball beneath a mound of covers, shivering slightly as his nose started to run once more.

He felt like shit. Probably looked like shit too at this point but couldn't find it in himself to care as he groggily reached a hand out from beneath the covers, fumbling around atop his bedside table before finding a box of tissues and grabbing one out. Blowing his nose Maine cringed as the pressure in his head worsened, and he fought the urge to hit something.

This sucked. He felt like he was dying. It was entirely the Directors fault; it was his fault for sending him on that stupid mission, it

was his fault that Maine had gotten sick and it was his fault that he had such a killer migraine. Okay so the last one wasn't the Directors fault, not really, but come on, he needed _someone _to blame for his misfortune and the Director was an asshole anyway" it was easier to just blame him.

It wasn't fair. He hated being sick, and he hated the fact there was nobody around who would take care of him like when he was younger. The only possible person he could think of that might be bothered to look after him was Wash (Maine knew how much of a mother hen the younger man could be), but he'd already scared the younger man off. Maybe throwing him out the door wasn't such a good idea, but he hadn't been thinking straight at the time, and Wash was being annoying. York was another option but Maine knew he wasn't even on base right now, he was out partying with the others and that made him feel worse" they were out having fun and he was stuck in bed sick.

Sniffing in a pitiful way one would not assume to be possible for Maine, the large Freelancer once again curls up beneath the blankest. His eyes are blurry and red, he can barely see the small trashcan next to his bed as he drops the used tissue but a largish grey and yellow mass standing next to his open door is something he did see.

Maine paused.

Blinked once and then growled reflexively, "What are you doing in here?" voice thick and slightly unintelligible as he attempted to sit up, he failed and flopped back onto his bed with a huff.

The body standing in the doorway moved into the room, door clicking shut behind him as Wash made his way towards the bed. Maine glared half-heartedly as Wash walked over and stared at him, clicking his tongue in such a motherly way Maine couldn't help but mentally snicker. The kid was always trying to look after him" it was endearing, almost.

"You're sick." Wash said. It was more a statement than a question and Maine rolled his heavy eyes.

"Nope," Maine quipped, sounding far too cheery for someone with a migraine.

Wash glared at him unimpressed, "Don't fucking bullshit me Tyson, I figured it out on the way here. I remember how pissy and violent you used to get when you were sick, I also distinctly remember you doing the exact same thing by throwing me out the door when we were younger." He said with a blunt tone Maine knew all too well.

Blinking once Maine did recall throwing Wash out a door when they were younger, and he was right, he _had_ been sick that day. Huh, who would have thought Wash remembered all of that. Who would have thought _he _remembered all of that. Shrugging slightly Maine curled up once more, intent on going back to bed for another few hours.

Unfortunately his stomach disagreed with him and the urge to suddenly throw up hit him hard. Leaping out of bed Maine shoved passed a

stunned Wash, crossed his room and ran into the small bathroom attached to his quarters. The sounds of retching filled the air and a few seconds later Wash was standing behind him, one hand placed hesitantly on his back and running soothing circles over his bare skin.

"_Uugh..._" he moaned, resting his head against his arm.

Wash made a face, the smell was disgusting and made him want to gag but he shook it off and continued to rub Maine's back. "Feel better now buddy?" he asked hesitantly, unsure of just what to do. He wasn't a fucking doctor for a reason.

Maine's reply was the sound of more retching.

"I guess not." He added dryly, more to himself than to Maine.

"Fuck you..." was the rasping reply.

Snickering lightly Wash replied with a teasing; "Maybe later," that rewarded him with a sloppy, half-hearted punch to the gut. Still snickering Wash helped Maine stand after the larger man had finally wiped his mouth of the bile and attempted to stand by himself, the young Freelancer directed his friend back to the bed, gently setting him down before disappearing back into the bathroom.

Maine dropped back on his bed, staring with unfocused eyes at the ceiling as he heard the sound of a tap running. Shrugging it off as unimportant Maine curled up once more and drifted back into a fitful sleep.

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Yeah... I dunno this seems a little better right?

Nothing much else to say other than I hope you enjoyed it. Constructive criticism is welcome, flames with be used to fuel the fires of my creativity. Thank you and goodnight.

R&R!

Till next time luvs!

Babybee17

End
file.